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These Steamers, in summer, the *Albatross* and *Albatross*, and in winter, the *Albatross*,
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A TRIP TO THE FAR WEST
OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A 13,000 MILES TOUR.

BY

W. T. BURALL.

Wisebech:

WILLIAM EARL, 16, CHURCH TERRACE.

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PREFACE.

SINCE my return from British Columbia, paragraphs relating to my trip have appeared in several papers, including "Answers," "The Timber Trade Journal," "The Grocers' Journal," "The Wisbech Standard," "The Royal Cornwall Gazette," "The Vancouver Weekly World," and an eight column account in the "Wisbech Advertiser." At the request of a number of friends who thought it worth re-printing, I have reproduced it in pamphlet form, illustrating the same with Views kindly lent by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and hope the description of the Journey, however imperfectly given, will be read with interest.

W. T. BURALL.

A TRIP TO THE FAR WEST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

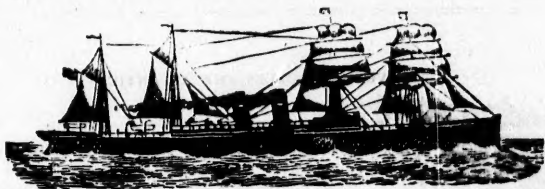


WHEN I first thought of taking the journey to Vancouver I intended to go by one of the three new steamers that were built in this country for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to trade between Yokohama and Vancouver. That, however, would have entailed a voyage of 21,000 miles and occupy two months, therefore, thinking

like the Irishman that although the sea and sky are very pretty in themselves, they are not such great things when you have nothing else to look upon for a month or two together, I decided to go by way of Liverpool and Montreal, thence by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and left Wisbech on May 27th, the boat departing on the following day. At Liverpool many interesting incidents were noted. First the arrival of emigrants to join their respective steamers—Russian Jews in great numbers, carrying with them their bedding, baggage, tin cans, kettles, in fact all their worldly possessions; hundreds of little boys and girls from orphanages and schools, under the protection of ladies, &c. The separating and counting of the children of the

different schools was most amusing, for as fast as the separation was completed, they persisted in getting mixed again. Then there was the medical inspection. All the emigrants were called to one end of the ship, the doctor looking each well in the face as they passed him one by one. One man had a fit before he went on board and was refused passage. In addition, the sailors' roll-call was interesting, and last but not least came the farewell of friends. Visitors are ordered on shore, ropes cast off, and we steam out of the Mersey in the drizzling rain, the passengers eagerly scanning the shore to catch the last glimpse of old faces, perhaps for ever. At the sound of the gong we go down to dinner, and find on our plates a printed list of the names of the passengers in our saloon, and in this way the introduction to each other is effected. It was intended the steamer should carry the mails, but something occurred which upset this arrangement. At the last moment two bags only were brought on board, one containing a newspaper and the other a letter. There was some hidden meaning in this which we did not hear explained, for as a rule there are hundreds of bags, weighing many tons. The steamship Vancouver is the finest vessel on the Dominion line. One might go into every nook and corner of a small town in less time than would be occupied in inspecting the various departments of this magnificent steamer. In addition to 4,000 tons of cargo, she will accommodate 1,000 passengers. Her crew are 150 in number. The steamer is furnished throughout most elaborately, and the comfort of the poorest, as well as the richest, is equally well looked after. The saloon resembles a splendidly-equipped dining-room. The wood-work is mahogany, inlaid with different coloured woods

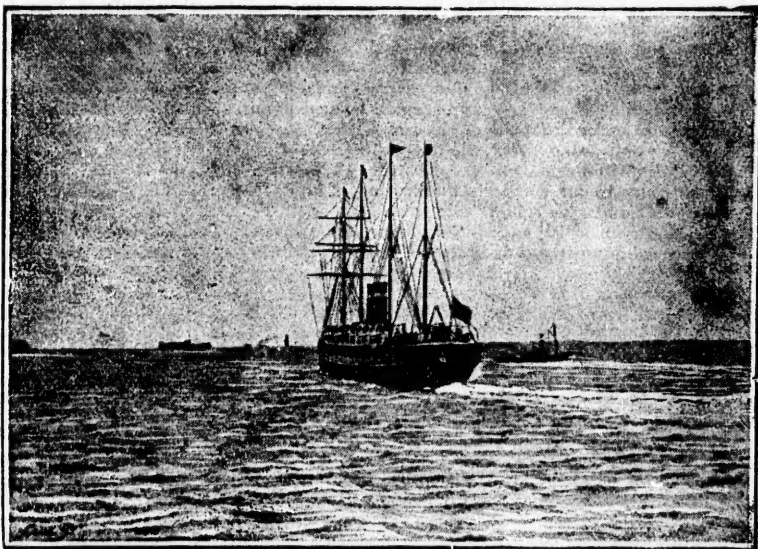
of various designs; the floors are beautifully carpeted, and the curtains are of a most costly description. It is heated by steam pipes, which in all the rooms and cabins, are of polished brass. When all are seated at table it presents a lively appearance. A number of hot-house plants, ferns, and flowers, on the tables, sideboards, and stairs, add a cheerful appearance to the scene. The berths are fitted with electric light and bells. By pressing a button you can call a steward, by twisting another illuminate your room. There are smoke rooms, ladies' sitting rooms, music room, barber's shop, and bath room, and many indulge in a refreshing dip in hot or cold sea water every morning. In fact there is everything calculated to enhance the pleasure of the voyage. We experienced



The Vancouver.

a delightful time, except for an occasional squall. Various games were indulged in—shuffle board, quoits, footracing, tugs of war, parlour games, whilst there were also grand concerts and dancing. Nor were the steerage passengers forgotten, being entertained in various ways. In our saloon we had a clergyman who knew Wisbech, a general, a judge, several commercial travellers, and farmers, and owners of ranches who had been home on visits. At a concert given in aid of the Sailors' Orphan Home £14 was collected, but the purser told us they had taken as much as £70 at a time. Many would go miles on shore to hear such music and singing. The general's wife presided at the piano. There were three young fellows who were going to the far West of Canada to take up land on the prairies, who by the manner in which they were armed were evidently prepared for a rough time. Each carried a breech loading rifle, a revolver, dagger, and an axe. What they thought of America I don't know, but supposed they had heard of the attitude of the Indians. One we christened Buffalo Bill; the others Robinson Crusoe and Friday. Nearly all day long they were firing off their guns, wing sport being bottles thrown into the air, and ground or rather water game, empty barrels fastened to a rope and thrown overboard, as the captain would not allow them to shoot gulls or other sea birds. Every day brought something new, but no morning papers. It was a novel experience to be thus cut off from the world; no wars or rumours of wars, murders or suicides. For the first few days the doctor was busily engaged attending to the sick. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the greater amount of sickness the less work for the cooks. I was fortunate in this respect. On Sunday we had service in the saloon, about 300 being present, and as usual a collection was made for the Sailors' Orphan Home. The preacher was the Rev. Mr. Toolis, of Soham, the text being "For those that go down to the sea in ships," with hymns equally appropriate. During our passage several large birds and fish were seen, and one whale, but not the sea-serpent, whilst several Mother Carey's chickens came on deck. One day a gale suddenly sprang up about dinner time; the vessel gave a lurch and cleared the tables. The smashing of glass and crockeryware could be heard all over the ship. After this the racks were put on. The vessel carries a large reserve stock of earthenware, and the tables were soon replenished. A squall like this means a loss of many pounds, as everything is of the best quality and bears the name of the ship. When I awoke one night, the engines were stopped, and we were delayed two hours in order that the piston might be packed. Off St. John's, Newfoundland, we passed an iceberg about 100 feet high, and longer than our ship. It was a grand sight as it moved slowly in the waters, glistening in the sun like a hill of silver. On the 5th of

June we sighted land and were soon in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with Newfoundland on one side and Breton and Magdalen Islands on the other, where we took up a pilot, who gave the captain several newspapers, which the judge and general read aloud in the smoke room. The first news we hear is the illness of Sir John Macdonald and the recent Baccarat scandal—our funny man asking us the difference between racing in England and America. All give it up,



Outward Bound.

and the answer is given that in America they back horses, in England they Bacc-a-rat. From this point until we reach Quebec we are continually passing French settlers' farms, fishermen's huts and quaint looking villages, with snow-capped mountains in the distance.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

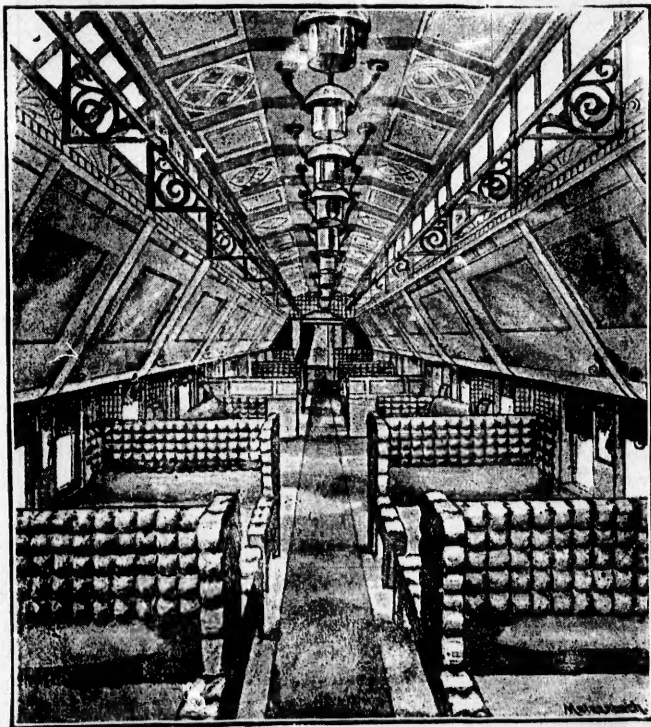
On Saturday, June 6th, at 3 a.m., we arrive at Quebec, and after an early breakfast, many of our passengers land. I took a stroll through the city, but it being early no shops were open, and everywhere was quiet. At 7 a.m., we again steamed ahead, and have a 140 mile run up the river St. Lawrence, with the grandest scenery on each side which it is possible to imagine. Here are forests of spruce, there artistic dwellings of French Canadian settlers; handsome churches, beautifully painted, many of the steeples being gilded, glitter in the sun like virgin gold. Away in the distance are hills and valleys with a background of snow-capped mountains. At eight in the evening we are at the dock at Montreal, and have already our cabin luggage on deck. Bidding friends good bye, we go on shore, where thousands of people line the quays. The Custom House officers are also here to examine our boxes, and now begins the excitement. Speaking for myself, it was not so great a trouble as I had anticipated. Although several had duty to pay, one lady, who with her family were going to the far West, thoughtfully provided herself with a chest of medicines, Silverbrook tea and other requisites, fearing they could not be obtained in the new country; being settlers, duty was not imposed. The examination over, my baggage is transferred

to a conveyance, and taken to the *dépôt* of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and we make for our respective hotels. I select the St. Lawrence Hall, where on arrival I find at least a dozen of my fellow passengers who had preceded me. After entering our names in the visitors' book, and receiving the key of our room—which in the hotel number altogether 500, fitted with electric light and bells—we take a hasty meal and walk out to see what Montreal is like on a Saturday night. Many of the business establishments are still open, and were it not for the difference in the language, the number of Catholic image shops, and the thousands of French settlers, together with people of all nationalities, we could almost imagine ourselves in Regent-street, London, so large are the buildings and attractive the shops. The streets are clean, chiefly asphalt. The trams are busy, as people are now returning to their homes. Hotels and all public-houses—or saloons, as they are called—close early, and are not opened again until six on the Monday. I afterwards learned that Sunday closing is most strictly observed. For supplying a glass of any strong drink, the fine is 100 dollars for the first offence and three months' imprisonment for the second. We could not get a glass of milk without going to our bedrooms and having it brought there. On going into the streets on Sunday morning, "Sir John Macdonald is dead," was on everybody's lips, and large placards announced the fact everywhere. The life-sized portrait of the deceased premier was exhibited in many of the windows, which were draped in black. I determined to make the most of my stay in Montreal, and with a fellow passenger I first visited the Notre Dame, a handsome Catholic place of worship, where a service was being conducted. Every seat was occupied, and hundreds were standing. The appearance of the place was most gorgeous and like a blaze of gold and rich colouring. We also saw St. Peter's, a new Catholic Cathedral, which is an exact model of St. Peter's at Rome, though not so large. In the streets were hundreds of grey nuns, who are dressed in a material of that colour. The society to which they belong is said to be the richest in the world. There are numerous Catholic school children walking in twos, going to or returning from their places of worship, all dressed in black, with plain black straw hats, and fat jolly-looking priests with girdles round their waists. After lunch, we drove in a two-horse buggy (nearly all the street conveyances are drawn by two horses) to Mount Royal, overlooking Montreal. We passed the cemetery, where the following curious epitaph was noticed on a monument erected by an old pensioner in remembrance of his wife, "This is in memory of my dear wife. She was a good kind creature; so are all her brothers and sisters, especially her sister Eliza." It is almost needless to add that the pensioner has since married Eliza. A grand view of the city is obtained from Mount Royal, with the river St. Lawrence and falls. The houses here are painted in very bright colors, and are nicely sheltered from the sun by trees. Field glasses are let out on hire on a small charge, and by their aid all the principal buildings can be plainly seen. Mounted police are stationed at different points to keep order, for thousands of people visit the place on Sundays; some are walking, others on horseback, but the majority are driving in buggies. The horses are of a different class to the English, being lighter and faster—too fast, I thought, especially when going down the hills, which are very steep. We reach our hotel in time for dinner at six, and spend the remainder of the evening sitting about the waiting rooms or strolling up and down the halls. The Salvation Army parades the street outside. As the train going to the far west did not leave until the Monday evening, I had another day to look round, and early next morning I accompanied Mr. Samuel Ward, of Birmingham, who was acquainted with the proprietors of two large provision establishments, where thousands of pigs and bullocks are killed every week. I spent an hour or two at the first one, seeing the slaughtered animals brought in and cut up, washed and packed in barrels in the cellars, where it was so cold that icicles hung from the ceilings and waterpipes. We also inspect the Canadian Tin Meat Packing Co.'s warehouses. These are immense places, and it was very interesting to watch the different processes of making and tinning potted meats and sausages (of which 8,000 lbs. are manufactured in an hour); also the lard-rendering, tongue-preserving, soup-boiling, stitching hams in canvas, cutting, bending, and soldering tins by machinery, box-making for packing goods for exporting, &c. It was now time to

be moving, and thanking our conductor for his kindness, we returned to dinner, and soon after go per buggy to the Canadian and Pacific Railway Station, on our way passing a crowd of people looking in a shop window at a beautiful wreath which the Princess Louise had ordered by cablegram to be placed on the coffin of Sir John Macdonald.

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC IN A SLEEPING CAR. THE LONGEST
THROUGH RAILWAY JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.

I have yet the longest part of my journey before me. We spend six days and six nights in the cars, and travel 2906 miles without changing. I find several cars already filled, three being especially assigned to a number of emigrants. Others are occupied by a rather mixed lot, and as it is true that "birds of a feather flock together" so it is with



Sleeping Car.

people travelling. At last I find myself comfortably seated in a car with two or three Englishmen, who left Liverpool on the same day that I did, by another boat. On the platform were stacks of mattresses for sale, many persons not caring to give an additional three dollars a night for a sleeping berth. I may mention that we leave Montreal with one engine, a driver, stoker, brakeman, baggage man, conductor, cook, pantryman, waiter, porter, and a newsman, that we change engines and staff twenty-six times, and, in addition, at one point two extra engines are coupled on, one of which weighed over 100 tons and had twelve

wheels, built expressly for pulling the train up steep grades. Three hundred and six stations are passed; they are situated at greater distances apart than in England. Refreshment stations are marked on the time table which each passenger is supplied with. Time changes by our watches four times, and I might also add, so does the climate. From Montreal to Port Arthur it is called Eastern time; Port Arthur to Brandon, Central time; Brandon to Donald, Mountain



Dining Car.

time; Donald to Vancouver, Pacific time. When it is twelve noon at Montreal, it is eleven at Winnipeg, ten at Regina and nine at Vancouver, so we lose three hours. It is now 8-30 p.m., but by my watch, which has not been altered since I left England it is 2 a.m. the following day—a difference of 5½ hours. "All on board" shouts the conductor; the cowbell on the engine rings and we are off. It

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is a lovely evening, but as it soon begins to get dark, Montreal can only be seen by gas, or rather electric light, which is a pretty sight. Many of the passengers have already retired, and we think about doing the same. A sleeping car can accommodate sixty people, two in a berth. The seats are arranged in pairs, facing one another, on each side of the car, and so made that they can be joined in a berth. Over each pair of seats are upper berths, hinged against the sides of the cars, which can be let down, and so form another sleeping berth. These can be soon arranged. Passengers can walk from end to end of the train, and as there are fifteen carriages, each 60 ft. in length, this is quite a walk in itself. A dining car also forms part of the train, in which meals are provided at seventy-five cents., or 3s. each, but many passengers obtain a week's supply before starting. Books and papers were every day distributed amongst the passengers. Being tired, I was very soon asleep, but not for long, for the conductor awakes us to examine our tickets, as he had not supplied us with check tickets (a small card which you place in your hat or lay on the berth, to show that you are there for the night). This is because our railway tickets are too large to produce always, being more than a foot in length. The inspection over, we are just dozing off again, when he repeats his request "Tickets please," at the same time giving a tug to awake you—this time to punch the ticket and make sure that no passenger passes his proper station. He evidently saw we were greenhorns, and would have been severely reprimanded for his over-officiousness if it had been reported. In an hour's time he again wakes us to punch tickets, and we feel very much like punching him. Next day, we felt only slightly refreshed for our first night in a sleeping car, but after this we fare better, as each conductor as he comes on board morning and evening gives us the necessary checks. I may mention that this line is noted for the civility and politeness of their servants, the official referred to being an exception.

Awaking in my berth, on the second day, Tuesday, I find we have passed twenty stations, including Ottawa, a fine town of 40,000 inhabitants. On the Ottawa river, quantities of timber and logs are observed floating in the water, and saw-mills are erected on the banks. Early in the morning numbers of people are fishing in the lakes. Between here and North Bay thirty-seven stations are passed, also the Snake river, Chalk river, Bass lake, and Moor lake, and are soon at North Bay, a town on Lake Nipissig, which is fourteen miles long and ten miles wide. From here to Sudbury, the region is very wild, there being pine forests, meadows, and lakes. The scenery is beautiful, and in some places reminds one of Matlock, others of Killarney. From Sudbury to Jack Fish, the train rushes past thirty-one more stations, crossing Sturgeon Falls, also Dog Lake, the waters of which empty into Lake Superior. From Jack Fish to Port Arthur the course for 150 miles is close to Lake Superior. For 100 miles we are carried along the shore, abounding in deep rocks, viaducts, and tunnels. The constantly changing views are charming. Before reaching Fort William, we turn round a high red cliff, where Thunder Bay can be seen. At 14-30 a halt is made at Fort William for refreshments. The time is three-quarters of an hour behind, and called central time. Some of the passengers alter their watches accordingly. Leaving Fort William, the route for a long distance is by the rapids, and here and there oxen drawing farmers' carts may be seen. We have now travelled 998 miles. From here to Winnipeg is 426 miles—a wild, broken country of rocks, rivers, lakes, and valleys. At four in the afternoon forests are seen on fire, so close does the track lay to them that the windows have to be closed owing to the heat. The occupants of a train which passes us at this point say that they have been delayed four hours as the fire was raging so close to the line. Only those who have seen a forest fire can imagine what a fearfully grand sight it is. Sometimes the heat is so great that the rails are bent and trains thrown off the line. The blazing and crackling is terrible. For 100 miles we hurry by burning trees which are a mass of flame from the top to the ground. Where fires have previously been, the trees appear as so many tens of thousands of huge telegraph poles. Leaving our berths on Wednesday, burning trees are still to be seen. About here we catch sight of the first Indians. It is not yet five in the morning, but several were in

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canoes fishing, others on shore. The squaws had babies or papooses on their backs. Their canoes are of their own make, made from the bark of trees. Indians come on the platforms and the train. Their curious wigwams can be seen from the cars; they are made of canvas, and are black with smoke. Several farms and log huts are observed as we continue our journey. Part of the land looks good, but a



Red Indians and Canoe.

great deal was under water. A gentleman on the cars said the land would be dry in another month, and thirty-five to forty bushels of wheat per acre could be grown on it. This brought forth the remark from another passenger that forty bushels of water-cress looked more likely. Up to Rat Portage the scenery is of the wildest description, occasionally there are saw mills and water-courses where the timber is being floated down from the mountains to the water below. These saw mills

are situated at the foot of the mountains, and the water which rushes down is utilized to work the machinery. The railway being in close proximity, the wood is easily disposed of. All along the line are hundreds of tons of short logs, used by the engines for fuel. Frogs in thousands can be heard above the noise of the train. They make a whistling sound, and at a sign from their leader, the noise at once ceases. The train is stopped, and several of these creatures caught and inspected by the passengers. On the Thursday several large wild Indian dogs followed the train for miles, and when it stopped, hung about the dining room car for bones or anything they could get. It was a general rule for these dogs to do this, and they were on the look out for the train. They followed after we again started for at least twenty miles, like gulls after a steamer. All along the track were strewn thousands of empty meat and fish tins, which had been flung from the cars by the passengers. Whilst the train was proceeding, a lad pulled the communication cord. On the train stopping, the conductor enquired what was the matter, when the lad coolly told him that he had lost his cap, and he at once ran back after it! The journey to Winnipeg was accomplished at 14-20—1,420 miles from Montreal. Refreshments were here provided instead of in the dining car, and I took the opportunity of telegraphing to my friends at Vancouver, saying



that I hoped to reach there on the following Sunday at noon. I paid a dollar for ten words. Winnipeg has a population of 28,000, and is the capital of Manitoba. In 1875 the population was 100 only. It is near the Assinobian river; there are street trains and electric lights. Land agents are here in plenty and enter the cars, distributing maps and pamphlets, containing information about lands for disposal. Land can be had for little or nothing, some distance from the line. We can see men at work on the land late at night, and early in the morning. At 15-20 we again join the cars, having still 1482 miles to travel. One passenger who got on here said he was not going far, but I know he went more than 500 miles. From Winnipeg to Brandon the country is level, and occupied generally by farmers. Log-huts are numerous, and we pass several flour mills, factories, and immense grain elevators. We see cowboys and admire their splendid riding. Their life seems to be a free and joyous one. At Brandon time again changes. The town is six years old and has 5,400 inhabitants. At Indian Head a large number of Red Indians come into view; they were a wild looking tribe, picturesque, but dirty, and on the train pulling up, enter the cars and offer for sale polished buffalo horns, which many of the passengers purchase. These people were very scantily clad and can run almost as fast as the train. Mounted police are

stationed here to keep the Indians in order, and they warn the passengers against giving them "fire water," for which offence the penalty is a fine of 50 dols., or three months' imprisonment. I gave two Indian women a common brass ring, such as are sometimes found in packets of tea. A crowd of others soon besieged me, making signs that they wanted one as well. I pretended they were valuable, showing them a 25 cent. piece, at the same time pointing to the rings. They at once took them from their fingers and wanted to exchange them for the coins, they were not so "green" as I took them to be. One night, there was very little sleep for the occupants of the car, for numbered amongst the passengers were five babies. This was a lively time, and I got up several times to assist their mothers in pacifying them. At this part of the journey we saw wild ducks, geese, and eagles in numbers, and occasionally an antelope. We are now well on the prairies. The furrows on some of the farms are said to be four miles long, and to plough one and back is half-a-day's work. At Medicine Hat the track is continually successive up and down grades. At this place are the mounted police barracks. 200 miles are passed without a tree being seen. Buffaloes were here formerly to be seen in herds, but it is a rare thing



now to see one: so many have been killed by hunters that the remainder are driven into the bush. Passengers used to shoot them from the cars, and their wallows are observed in all directions, also thousands of their skulls with horns all complete. Large stacks of these may also be seen at several stations, and the Canadian Government pays the Indians eight dollars per ton for collecting them. At several Finlanders' farms past which we are whisked it is noticed that oxen are employed instead of horses. Large numbers of Indians come in sight, some on horseback, galloping across the prairies; others lolling about their wigwams. It looks a wild place for white men to settle down in, but many do and make money. Farmers will go a long way for a labourer, will pay him two-and-a-half dollars per day and his board, in all weathers, and make as much fuss of him as their best friend. This was told me by a labourer on the cars. Land can be bought here for a dollar an acre. In a paper recently read before the Ottawa Field Naturalists Club by Dr. G. Dawson, it was stated that the unexplored and unoccupied regions of Canada is nearly one million square miles. From Thursday mid-day to Friday evening we were going over the prairies. It is an ocean of grass, extending for hundreds of miles in all directions. The sunset on Friday evening was a beautiful sight, and the night

was illuminated by lightning. Our attention was called about one p.m. to a great light in the distance, and on approaching, we ascertain that it is caused by a natural gas spring, which was lighted five years ago, and has been burning uninterruptedly ever since, its light being seen for miles. A prairie station is a wood hut, in which one man lives, and there is also a large water tank for supplying the engine and cars. On awakening on the Saturday at 3, the temperature was very low, and we were told that the train was approaching the Rockies. Several of the passengers were soon up, eager to get an early glimpse of the monsters. They can be seen quite close, to all appearance, but they are still 100 miles distant. Fires are lighted in the cars, and we soon steam into Calgary, 3,338 feet above the level of the sea. This is a great ranching country, which is betokened by the herds of horses and flocks of sheep on the hills and in the valleys. Soon this is superseded by a broken country, with numerous ravines; lakes become more frequent, some are salt, others alkaline. Then we draw near to the Rocky Mountains, which are a sight never to be forgotten. "How are we to get through them?" is the first thought that occurs to us, for no gap can we see. The next station is 4,100 feet altitude; the mountains themselves are 10,000 feet above us. This was the most difficult part of the line the engineer had to encounter. In 1875 the Canadian Government first began to construct this line, but meeting with difficulties, in 1880 the present Company undertook to carry it out, receiving from the Government 25,000,000 dollars and 25,000,000 acres of agricultural land in addition to the hundreds of miles of railway already laid for undertaking to complete the line in ten years. But they finished in five. Observation cars are put on at this stage, that the excursionists may view the scenery without interruption. This car is a long one, without any framework, and a long seat runs down the centre. But the latter is not often used, as everyone wants to see each object of interest, so that the sides of the car are crowded with passengers. Mountain after mountain rises higher and higher, and as fast as we pass one range a whole host of others appear, surpassing in height and grandeur all previous ones. The summits are all covered with snow. Many are a mile, some two or even three miles in height. By the side of these the largest of the Alps fades into insignificance. There are glaciers or mountains of ice that have been here for centuries, thousands of feet high and thousands of feet thick, said to be larger than all the glaciers in Switzerland combined.

No record on earth discovers their birth;
Long reign they in solitude, silence, and death.

This kind of scenery continues for 400 miles, and is not lost sight of until Vancouver is reached. The summits of many of these mountains cannot be seen, owing to their being obscured by clouds. One is overtaken by a weird feeling of loneliness in the presence of these silent monsters, as they frown down upon us. Wild goats are on the distant cliffs and far away are the cascade mountains, which are tremendously grand. The country through which we are now journeying is inhabited by Blackfoot Indians, the most handsome and warlike of the Indian tribes. Several bears attract attention at one station where we stop. Near to is a military hospital, whilst on the bear's den is seen the following inscription: "Pray friends give what you can spare to the Hospital, and I will for ever hug your memory as only a bear can." Several of our party stroll through the village and make purchases of eatables, such as tinned meats, and other necessaries. Owing to the heavy duties imposed, everything is dear, in some cases double that in England, one of our party getting to high words with the store keeper for charging twenty-five cents for a small tin of Keen's Mustard. Three scantily-clothed Indians were in the stores, exchanging buffalo horns for groceries. Whilst here, we came across a big Indian, very tall, and proud in his bearing. We took him to be an Indian chief. His dress was a new blanket, with a deep black and red border. There was a hole in one corner for his head, and it was arranged so as to form a complete suit. He was smoking a long pipe, and as he passed us, he said "How do," as plainly as he could. When, however, we endeavoured to converse with him, we found "How do," was the

full extent of his knowledge of the English language. We afterwards saw him come out of a butcher's shop with a quantity of bones and bits of odd meat in his arms, and cross the road to his wigwam. Entering the cars again, the track turns in a loop several times and each time we could see the line we had previously traversed. It was like a winding stairs turning and twisting higher and higher. At times we rise hundreds of feet to the mile. Fourteen



THE GORGE OF THE HOMATHCO.

miles of snow sheds are here to be seen, placed against the mountains to protect the line from snow drifts. Now and then we got out and threw snowballs. The Glacier House is a delightful hotel, 4,000 feet above the sea level. Sir Donald mountain is 8,000 feet above us, and in a dark valley is a river fed by the glacier, glistening through the trees. For

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miles we follow the river, across deep ravines, and travelling by the side of steep precipices. Sometimes the train appears literally to hang on the sides of the mountains. Once the conductor noticed something wrong with the brakes. The train was stopped, and looking under the cars, a young fellow was found seated across the brake. How far he had travelled I don't know. The conductor told him to "Be off, or he would get killed." He quickly made off across country, but we were informed that he would no doubt wait until another train came and finish his journey. Chinese now began to come on board the cars when we stopped, selling all kinds of fruit and milk. Five cents is the smallest coin in use. A number of young fellows visit us at one of the stations, and we were told that they sometimes sat up all night to see the train pass through. Looking at me, one observed, "Poor fellow, he does look tired, he's asleep," but I had one eye open. From the cars can be seen at times a number of Indians' graves, which are on a kind of platform, on which the body is placed, and branches of trees form the only cover. These places are situated on the borders of the forest. We also noted a great number of graves of white men who have died on the trail. Passengers now begin to cord their boxes, roll up their rugs, put away their travelling caps and get ready for leaving the cars. I laugh when I think of it, for we were still 200 miles from Vancouver. At 14-30 Pacific time we are at our destination, and our experience of the longest through railway journey in the world is at an end.

A FIVE WEEKS' STAY AT VANCOUVER.

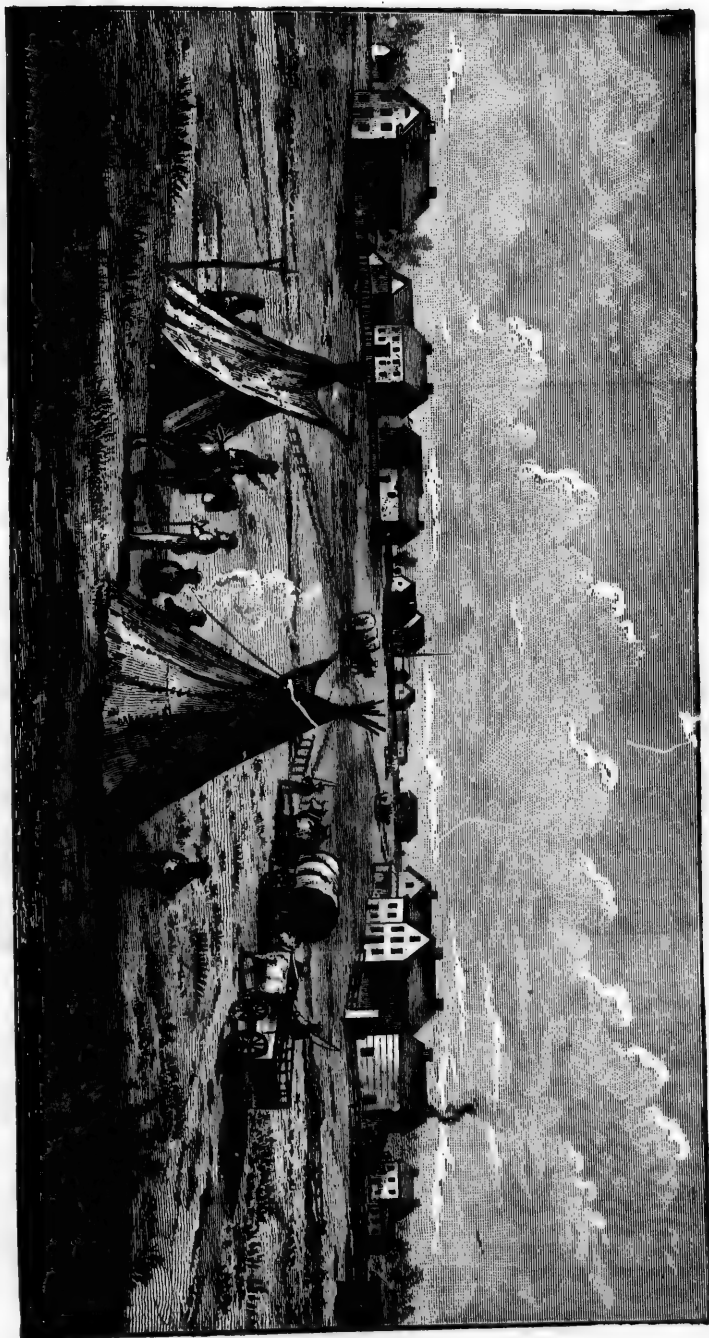
Although it was Sunday when our train arrived at Vancouver, the station was crowded with Chinese, Indians, and white people, who all turn out to welcome new comers. It afforded me much pleasure to find my friends waiting for me. By my watch it was 11-30, so that nine hours had been lost since leaving England. I left Liverpool on the 28th of May, and reached Vancouver on June 14th. This was quick work compared with the time when the journey had to be accomplished by sailing ships and took six months. After a few days' rest I began to look round, and drove daily to the city. I was staying with my brother-in-law, Alderman Brewer, three miles in the country. It was on the fifth anniversary of the great fire at Vancouver that I reached there. On that memorable day, the city was completely burned to the ground and ruin and desolation reigned where now stands a magnificent city. To many places such an appalling disaster would have been a death blow. But to Vancouver it was only a shock which, in its reaction, gave fresh life and impetus. Those who had never heard of Vancouver before were now attracted by curiosity and sympathy. They realised how many were its advantages, and upon the site of the old town an ideal city was built. It has a magnificent harbour, inexhaustible timber resources, unlimited fishing, to say nothing of the mines. All these were critically inspected. Then came capital, and the foundation stones of the great Pacific metropolis were laid. Had there been no more done than to rebuild the city as it was previously to the fire, a great work would have been accomplished, but to-day the terminal city is one of the proudest monuments of British Columbia. The population is now 18,000; before the fire it was 600. It seems almost incredible to a stranger that so much could be accomplished in five years. The prosperous position to which this young city has attained is mainly owing to the enterprise and push of their popular Mayor Oppenheimer, Alderman Templeton, and other councillors. All the houses within the limits of the city are of brick and stone, and of beautiful workmanship. In the suburbs the buildings are chiefly of wood, and of a variety of designs, no two being alike. The bright colours in which they are painted greatly add to their appearance. I was much struck with the enormous size of the trees and with the number of fish that could be seen in the lakes. I walked on a fallen tree which was 8ft. through at the small end and 200ft. long. In the park are spruce trees 44ft. in circumference, firs 37ft., and cedars 53ft., and 300ft. high. In the saw mills, timber is cut 4ft. square from end to end, and at the present time a piece of timber is being prepared for the Milwaukee Brewing and Malting Company, which is six feet square and 118ft. long. This will be used

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at the World's Fair at Chicago as a counter for selling beer made by the company. A party of census enumerators who had just returned from up the country found whole families of Indians living in the trunks of trees, moss overhanging the entrance. To get a better idea of the size of these trees, let anyone measure a soft circle on the road, and 300ft. length; he will hardly credit it. Vancouver is a great place for salmon, and nearly all the tinned salmon we get in this country comes from these rivers. At times the fish are so numerous that they become tightly wedged in the lakes. There are several large salmon canneries along the banks where a great number of Chinese are employed. Some of the salmon weigh as much as 40lbs., and here and there from 70lbs. to 75lbs. I purchased one weighing 18lbs. for half-a-crown, and thought it cheap, but was told when I got back that such a fish could frequently be bought for 10d. Curiously enough, tinned salmon here is as dear as in England. The total pack of the Pacific coast in 1890 is given by a mercantile house largely in the business as follows, Alaska, 688,332 cases, Columbia River, 433,500, British Columbia, 399,912, Sacramento River, 35,000, other small fisheries, 67,117. Total, 1,623,867 cases, containing four dozen tins each. Bear, seal, otter, wolf, and other animals' skins exported amount to millions of dollars annually. One evening, about six o'clock, I went with my sister to fish in the lake about a mile from the house. The mosquitoes bit us so that we turned to go back, but soon discovered that we had missed the trail. We commenced to call out at the top of our voices, but it was eleven o'clock before my brother-in-law found us. It is not at all pleasant to be lost in the bush. How to get out is a puzzle. A lost person may continue for a week climbing over fallen trees, some six feet or eight feet through as they lie. I was pleased I was not the only one to get lost, for a clergyman who had been preaching in the afternoon at a settlement three miles from Vancouver was returning to hold a service in his own church in the evening, when he missed the trail, and did not get home until one o'clock in the morning. He used all the leaves of his prayer book to stick on the trees, that in his endeavours to find the trail he might not go over the same ground again. This is called "blazing." A young Englishman who had just arrived, and was accompanying a party of old settlers in the wood—strayed away a few yards, and one of the party said to the others "Let us keep quiet; he won't be able to find us," neither could he, but kept walking round and round. After a time one old settler called out "Hallo, where have you been?" "Oh," said he, "I have been miles, and saw a bear; I wish I had had my rifle." He had not been out of sight all the time. Before leaving Wisbech, I was given the address of Mrs. Tite, who will be remembered by many residents in the town. She was very pleased to see anyone from the old country, especially from Wisbech. Her house is pleasantly situated in the suburbs and I spent some time there, calling on different occasions. I also met a Mr. Simpson, who lived with Messrs. Dawbarn and Sons 10 years ago. He has now been in Vancouver some years, and is manager for the Hastings Mill stores, a large grocery and drapery establishment which supplies the employes of the beforementioned mill (some hundreds in number). Mr. Simpson holds an important position, and has numerous assistants and clerks under him. He is also buyer for the firm, which holds a very large stock of goods, as they can only be received twice a year from England, the voyage occupying five or six months by water. It is curious how people meet. He was asking for his letters at the Post Office, and seeing other letters with the Wisbech post mark, found he knew me. From his house is obtained a beautiful view of the harbour and a pretty village called Moodville. I went there in a steam tug and walked some miles in the forests. Not many years ago this was identified as the backwoods of America. Passing an Indian hut, I noticed through the open door, a piano, or American organ; there was no other furniture in the place. Opposite Vancouver Harbour, which is two miles wide, is Mission, where only Indians reside. A great many of the people apparently spend their time in their canoes. Once I saw a canoe containing three Indian women become stuck in the mud. They made no trouble of it, but jumped out and walked in the water, pulling the canoe after them. Many try to imitate the white people, with

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very comical results. One wore a blue pair of trousers, thick black coat, large plaid waistcoat (which almost required two to show the pattern), stand-up collar and green tie, big top hat and sea-side shoes! He was a queer-looking object. While I was here, an Indian came to one of the saw mills, and never having seen a circular saw before, put his finger to it, and off came the end of that unfortunate member. The manager hearing him shout, asked him how he did it. "This way," said he, indicating with another finger, when off came number two! Notwithstanding the heavy penalty imposed for supplying the Indians with intoxicating drink, they manage to get it sometimes from unscrupulous people, who make money by selling bottles for £1 which only cost one dollar. It is risky work, for the Indians themselves will often inform against them. In the city are between 2,000 and 3,000 Chinese, who are a very quiet, steady, and industrious people, not generally liked by the labouring classes, as they work for smaller wages. Each has to pay a duty of fifty dollars or £10 on landing and if they have no money, they are put in pound in a large wooden shed and



Log Hut.

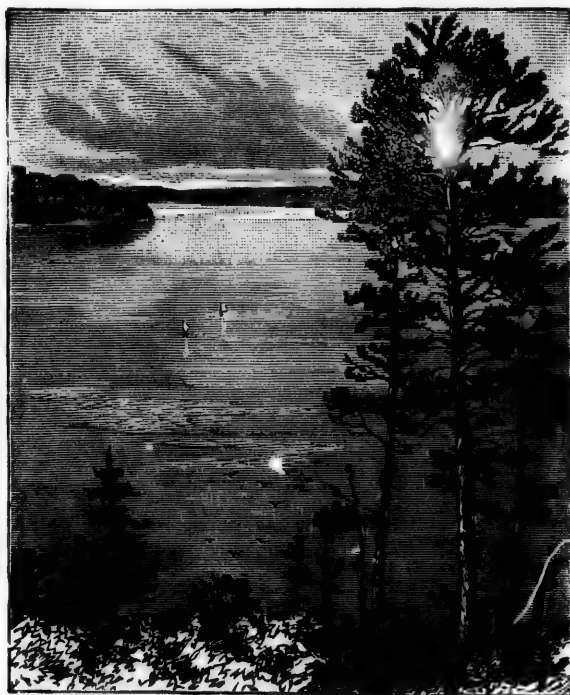
kept there until a steamer goes back to China. These Chinese make capital servants, as a white servant cannot be obtained for less than thirty dollars per month, and a good man will earn 80 to 100 dollars per month. If a white female servant is brought into the place, somebody picks her up, and she gets married. Whilst here I called upon the Rev. Mr. Hobson, Vicar of Christ Church, Vancouver, nephew of the late Mr. Henry Pooley, of Wisbech. I may also mention that Vancouver is lighted with the electric light, the roads being new, bicycles are rarely to be seen. Bears and panthers still inhabit the woods and are frequently killed. While here five bears were shot close to where I was staying. Amongst others, I visited a Mr. Blackburn, who was apprenticed to Mr. Thirkell, of Wisbech. He is manager of a nursery, a pretty place called "The Cedars," and we had many long chats together about Wisbech and Sutton Bridge. In Stanley Park, close to Vancouver, is the Siwash Rock, where the Indians meet to dance. It is a wilderness indeed; they call it a bush. I call it a

wood. It might have been bush in the time of the flood. There are two or three families of Indians in the Park which cannot be got rid of. They are dubbed "squatters." I called at one of their huts for a drink of water and saw the Kloooh and papooses, *i.e.*, women and children, squatted on the floor, making mats with little bits of rag and reed, and very pretty they looked—the mats, not the Indians. It was amusing to see these people go hop-picking—a tug-boat drawing half-a-dozen canoes fastened one behind the other. There is no observance of bank holidays at Vancouver, but there are the Queen's birthday and Dominion Day. I was glad to be there on the 1st of July, Dominion Day. Sports commenced early and were kept up till a late hour. All kinds of English games were indulged in, as well as Canadian, including lacrosse, their national sport. What interested me especially were the Indian canoe races, of which there were several, and as many as sixty natives competed in each of them. The Indians sit in twos in the bottom of their canoes, using a short paddle about four feet long and shaped like a tennis bat, which they dipped in the water as fast as the hands could move them, and with great regularity. These are considered the most genuine races that can be seen. As the winner passes the judge in the steamer, such shouting is heard as can only come from Indians' lungs. Trains bring thousands of people, and numerous steamers bring holiday makers from Victoria on Vancouver Island and all the country settlements, the Indians coming in their canoes with their families along the Frazer River and the coast. The latter don't forget to bring their eatables, and we came across them squatted down in the streets and on the quays, eating from large tins, salmon-berries and other fruit, using their hands to convey it to their mouths. They wear very little clothes, and nothing on their heads or feet; they did not require them, for the weather was hotter than it ever is in this country. Amongst other objects of interest I saw during my stay was the Beaver, the first steamer to go round the Pacific coast in 1835. It was a total wreck on the rocks known as the Narrows, and was literally covered with barnacles. About seven o'clock one morning I was standing on one of the wharves, when I noticed a canoe containing about twenty Indians, who appeared as if they had been on the water all night. They were the queerest lot I had yet seen, and I spoke to a man who stood near remarking that I should like to have a photo of them. He replied that if I went for the photographer he would keep them until I returned, but when I got back with one they were gone. I endeavoured to get two or three others to sit. Going up to two old Siwashes and a Kloooh (two Indian men and one woman), I failed to make them understand what I wanted, but the before-mentioned gentleman happened to pass, and being able to speak Chinook, explained the matter to them. The oldest of the three told the gentleman that he was the chief or king of the Squamish tribe. Until then I was not aware that I was in the presence of Royalty. Ultimately they consented, and we all had our photographs taken. These three Indians had joined the Roman Catholic religion. If any Indian converts are made, it is generally to the Roman Catholic Church, the priests not only looking after their spiritual welfare, but teaching them how to earn the mighty dollar as well. They do not observe Sunday only as a special occasion for enjoyment. With them like the Chinese, it is "Six days shalt thou labour, and on the seventh day do what you like." One Sunday I saw a steam-boat on the Frazer river laden with Indians, as were also the canoes; they had their own brass band, and were enjoying themselves to their heart's content. When an Indian is taken ill he calmly resigns himself to his fate, telling his family he has only so many more days to live, and dies up to time exactly. I may mention that I brought home numerous photographs, including some of Indians, a salmon 75lbs. weight, trees 53 feet in circumference, &c.; also a model of an Indian canoe, and a piece of wood piling, which had been used only a short time and had become dangerous by being bored through by insects called *Toreados*, which make hundreds of holes large enough for a cane to be inserted. Two years is the average that these wood piles last. There are no whistling birds here, but there is one with a red breast like a robin, but it is as large as a blackbird. The birds, especially crows, are very tame, and will scarcely move out of your way.

A TRIP TO BRITISH COLUMBIA.

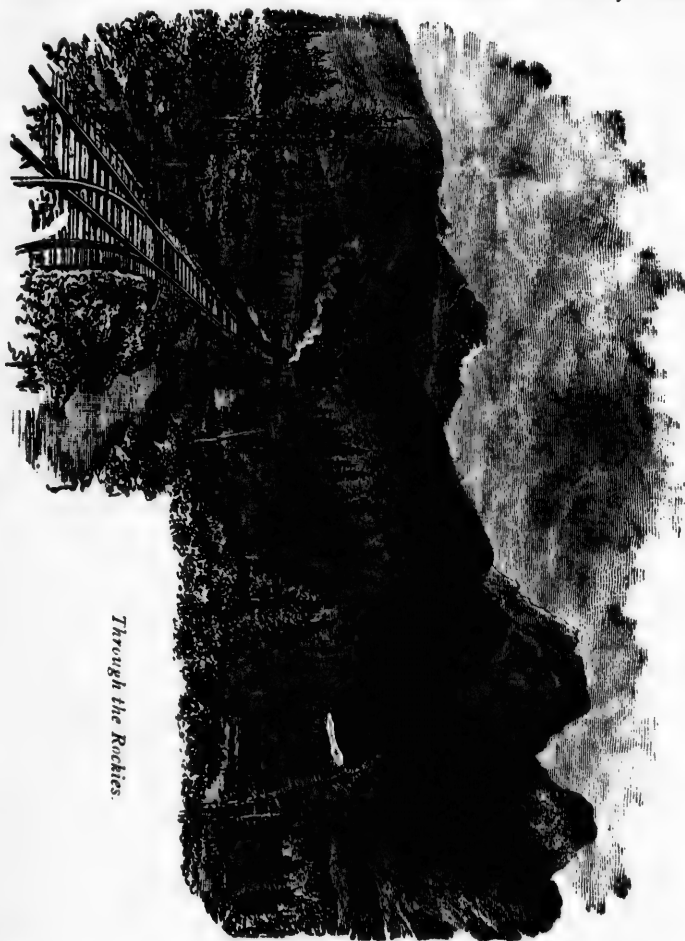
FROM VANCOUVER TO TORONTO, NIAGARA, NEW YORK, AND THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

After a most enjoyable stay at Vancouver of five weeks, with delightful weather all the time, I took leave of my friends and newly-made acquaintances, many of whom accompanied me to the station, and started on my return journey to England, booking right through to Liverpool—6,389 miles. The distance to New York by rail is 3,341 miles, and thence by the Teutonic to Liverpool 3,048 miles; total for the outward and homeward journey 13,078 miles. My tickets, six in number, measured 2ft. 4in. The first for the sleeping berth; the second to take me to North Bay, 2,542 miles, without changing; the third to Toronto, *via* Hamilton, on the Grand Trunk Railway, 275 miles; the fourth



to Buffalo and Niagara, 87 miles; fifth to New York by the New York Central and Hudson River Railway, 437 miles; and the sixth the passage across the Atlantic, 3,048 miles by steamer, which was timed to leave on the 29th July, ten days after starting from Vancouver. The ticket allowed me to stop for two days anywhere I pleased. I selected Toronto one day, and Niagara another. It may be mentioned that Mr. Michael Davitt, and Sir Wm. and Lady Folkes arrived at Vancouver the day I left. The former, on being asked what he thought of the Rocky Mountains, said, "Had I all the adjectives in the English vocabulary at my command I could not describe them." Our train had no sooner left Vancouver than some Indians and Chinese commenced to smoke opium cigarettes, in making which they are adepts. On an appeal to the conductor, however, they were

speedily removed to a smoking compartment, which is divided off for their accommodation. The parlour cars are sixty-six feet long; the central drawing room, which is turned into a dormitory at night, is thirty-two feet in length, nine feet in width, and ten and a half feet in height, and is furnished with a dozen easy chairs. The ceiling is frescoed with a beautiful design representing the four seasons, and one of the most striking novelties consists of six bay windows.

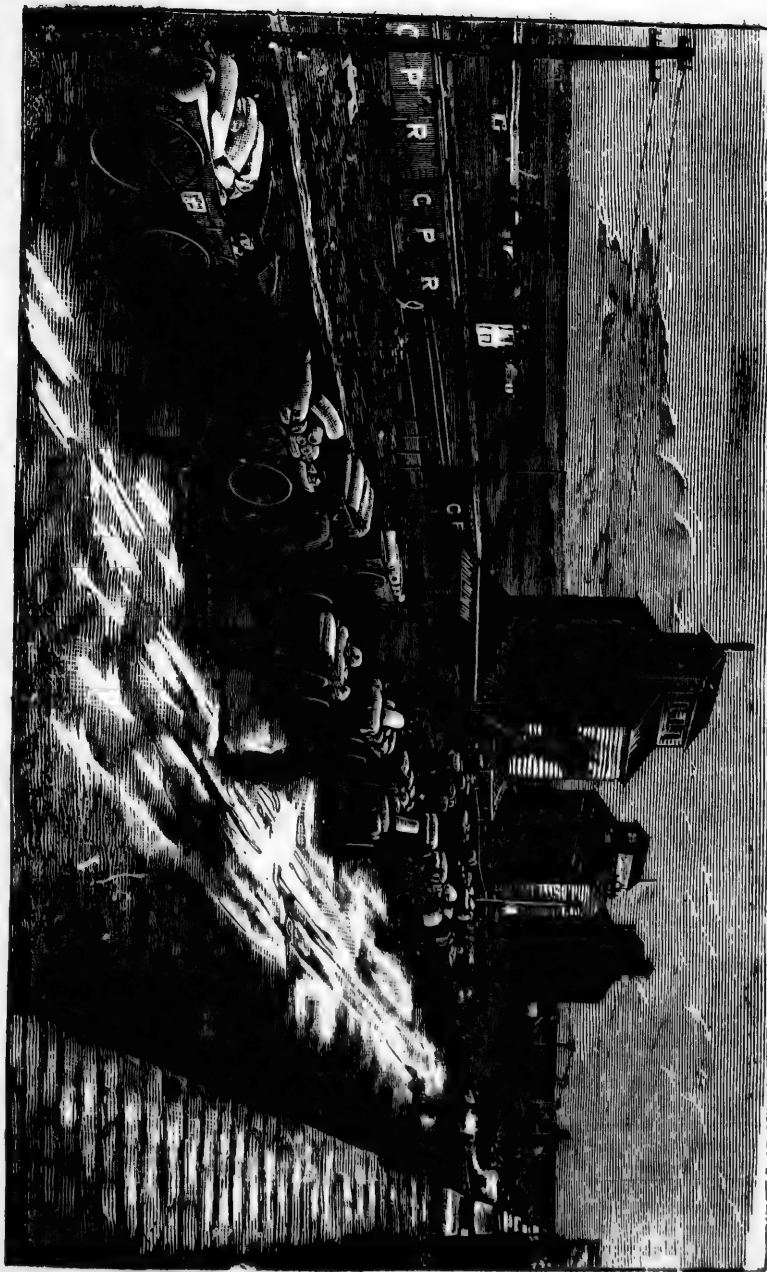


Through the Rockies.

Besides this apartment there are lavatories—where a quantity of powdered soap slides into a basin of water on pressing a button—a kitchen, a safe for valuables, an "observation room," a private state room, a library with writing desk and medicine chest, and other conveniences. The car is ventilated by compressed air, and heated by steam from the engine. I soon made the acquaintance of two gentlemen from Philadelphia, Dr. Charles Wilson and Mr. Gordon Ash, who had been on a Holiday tour since the first of March. These gentlemen went 600 miles out

of their way to accompany me to Niagara, as I was a stranger. At North Bend, 19-22 Pacific time, supper was provided at the Canadian and Pacific Railway Hotel, for which twenty minutes was allowed. Here may be seen a great river, which is forced between high cliffs and ponderous masses of fallen rocks, causing the waters to foam and roar loudly. The rail is cut into the cliffs 200 feet or more and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by tunnels in close succession. At Spuzzum the rail crosses this chasm: it is an awful looking place. Indians in their huts are observed on the banks, others are hanging fish out to dry in the sun on sticks. Amongst other things noticed were the graves of the men who were killed when the railway was made six years ago. Mountains rise to great heights, and are covered by forests as far as the snow line. Lights could be seen from the Indians' tents in the woods. We spent the first evening talking up to 23-30. I could not get to sleep for the rattling of the car over the track, which was very rough, and my fellow passengers were laughing and talking loudly, many of them passing their time in card playing. Closer acquaintances than travelling in a sleeping car cannot be imagined. We travel miles on the side of high precipices, and appear to be hanging on the sides of the mountains. On Monday I awoke and found we had reached Shuswap, called after an Indian tribe of that name. The river here lies among mountain ridges, and extends along the valley in half-a-dozen directions. Around Salmon Arm for fifty miles we wind in and out of the bending shores, where wild geese and ducks are flying about in numbers. From this point we begin to rise higher and higher until we get to Illicilliwaet, an altitude of 4,122 feet, passing thirty stations. The observation car is put on, and at Rospeak our nigger waiter lights the fires and we pull out overcoats, for we are nearing the Rockies. We dine at the Glacier, where Indians and their wigwams can be seen, with mustangs running about. I went into one of these tents. The occupants had nothing to lie on but the bare wet ground. All had rings in their ears, fur round their heads and a kind of hide on their feet. A great quantity of fire flies were seen near Selkirk Summit, some of which we endeavoured to catch. We are still rising as the train nears Bear Creek, and soon leave the river thousands of feet below. We stop here and put on two extra engines. Amongst the Indian tribes we pass are the Squamish, Siwash, Sioux, Crees, &c. Some appear to be warlike, others peaceful. The return trip was new to me in many respects, as we approach the country from the opposite direction. It appeared, if anything, to be grander than ever. I woke one night at a station, and discovered some Indians staring at me through the window. They laughed to see me start up, and came on the cars and shook hands. All had buffalo horns and bead work to sell. These were the Blackfeet Indians. We have now regained the prairies, abounding in cattle ranches. It was an interesting sight to see the cowboys bunching cattle, *i.e.* getting them all together before darkness comes on. One cowboy in turn keeps awake nightly to watch them. On some occasions the flies are so troublesome as to cause a general stampede amongst the animals. The cowboys immediately go in pursuit on their mustangs, travelling at a tremendous rate. They lie almost on the backs of their horses, bringing their long whips around the frightened cattle. Sometimes the farmers here have as many as ten thousand head of cattle, and they all have to be looked up twice a year to be branded by their owners, as any that are not branded can be claimed by the first comer. A particularly lazy-looking lot of Indians are passed at Maplecreek. Around Swift Current there are farms with 80 horses, 500 cattle, and 2,000 sheep, and at Rushlake we go by Sir John Lister Kay's farm. There are ten others near, each 10,000 acres in extent. The Canadian Pacific Company owns 25,000,000 (twenty-five million) acres of land along the line, and at one station I saw an advertisement "Wanted 4,800 men for railway and harvest work. Wages 30 dollars per month and board. Apply Canadian Pacific Railway." At Rosser, large cases containing glass bottles of samples of wheat were exhibited. On stopping at Moose Jaw I walked some distance on the prairies and found a peculiar buffalo bone, such as in the horse is called "the bishop," as it resembles a parson preaching. Here the police warning against giving the Indians "fire water" is renewed, whilst the Indians also, as at other places, visit us. The train does not travel very fast in the day time, but at night it runs at a

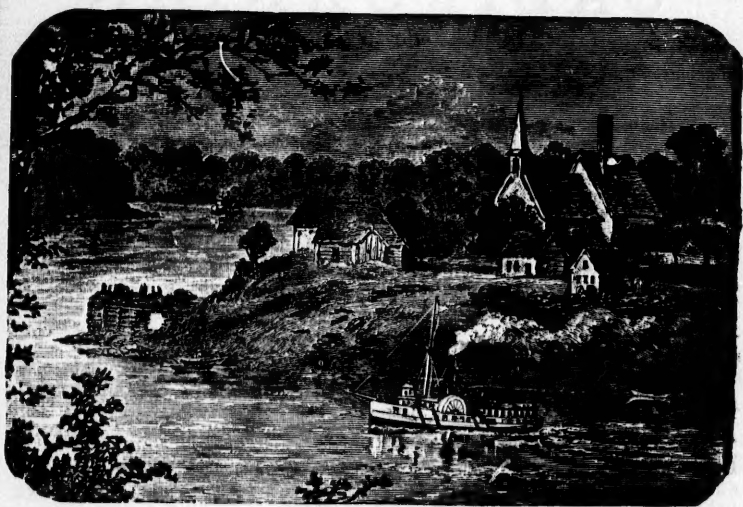
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great rate. One night after I had retired a man was brought on board with his foot crushed and placed in the berth above me. At several way-side stations members of the Salvation Army came alongside the cars and sang and prayed. Our nigger waiter bought a pair of antelopes at one place, saying that he intended them as a present to Mrs. Vanderbilt. He informed us that at one time he was in their service as waiter in their own railway carriage. His name was George Isaac Clay, and his mother was daughter of the Rev. Josiah Henson or "Uncle Tom" in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He said he was in his grandfather's room at Dresden, Ontario, when he died, and that he had in his possession a photograph of the Queen in a gold frame which Her Majesty gave to his grandfather with her own hands. He was capital company, and his laugh was the typical side splitter. Once I saw him trying to open the door, and as his hands were full of eggs he put two in his mouth. We arrived at Winnipeg on Wednesday, July 22nd, at 16.30, having travelled 1,482 miles. It was a grand day, and I was much more interested in the town than on the outward journey. The station resembles our English stations more than any we had passed; as a rule they are not so thickly decorated with advertisements as in this country; although Sunlight Soap in large letters can be seen all along the line. Several of the passengers and myself got on the tram which runs close to the line, and rode through the streets. Oxen were observed drawing vans, and by their appearance they had evidently come a long distance. Some of our companions purchased tinned meats and other necessities of life, and a few tried the quality of Winnipeg "bitter." We again joined the cars; as our train crossed the streets we were delayed a short time for a funeral to pass, it was that of a general in the Canadian Artillery; there were several regiments both horse and foot, cannons, each drawn by six horses, and thousands followed in procession. All on board, we again start on our journey. The approach to Port Arthur is by the shores of Lake Superior, which is almost like an ocean, for it takes two or three days to cross in fast steamers, which go out of sight of land. It is here the Hudson Bay Company have a large fur house. Late one night as we sat smoking and chatting over a cup of Silverbrook Tea our car suddenly began to shake violently; what was the cause we could not find out at the time, but when we reached Chapleau, 2,291 miles from Vancouver, eight o'clock on the Friday morning, I noticed a railway employé tapping the carriage wheels, and as he struck one I remarked in a joke "That's cracked," and passed on to the refreshment room. On returning I found a dozen men lifting the car off the track by machinery, as the equalizing spring was broken in halves. We afterwards travelled at an increased rate to make up the two hours' delay, and when the train steamed into North Bay at 7 p.m. (Eastern time) my journey on the Canadian Pacific Railway was finished punctually to time, having traversed three provinces, Manitoba, Assinobia, and Alberta. The British mails from China and Japan are now brought by this Company's Steamer to Vancouver, and thence over their line to New York, the transit being made four or five days quicker than formerly. Here I left the cars, after bidding my friends "good-bye," and went with the two before-mentioned gentlemen by the Grand Trunk Railway to Toronto, which I reached at four o'clock on the following morning. I read in a Hamilton evening paper the result of the Wisbech election. It was known here the same day as in England. The night porter from one of the hotels took charge of our handbags, while we strolled through the city. This was a great change from our previous experience, and was more like civilization. Toronto is situated on Lake Ontario. The streets are clean, the shops handsome, the buildings, fine—finer I never saw. As soon as the hotels were opened we breakfasted and then went to bed, as we had not the advantage of a sleeping berth on the previous night. The same licensing regulations are in vogue here as at Montreal. After being refreshed by sleep, we visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, St. James' Episcopal Church, and the Baptist Church. Everyone here had a well-to-do appearance. Having dined, my friends and myself took train for Niagara, getting there in the evening. On our journey we passed fields of Indian corn (which were a pretty sight), and for miles we saw peaches and grapes growing in the open air, the latter supported by sticks like our garden peas. At the

Suspension Bridge we cross the line into the United States and the Custom House officials come on board to examine our handbags. These were very nice fellows and gave us as little trouble as possible. At Niagara I saw my luggage for the first time since I had left Vancouver. As I had booked right through to England it was not opened. We at once started for the town, which was two miles off. No sooner had we reached the road, than we were surrounded by a dozen "cabbies" or "hackmen," who shouted "cabs, gents, drive you all round for a quarter a piece; Bath Islands, American Rapids, Goat Falls, American Island, show you where Captain Webb lost his life, Cave of the Winds, &c." They continued to follow us for some distance, shouting out their fares to the other places of interest. By this time we were close to the hotel, and stepped in and engaged beds. After tea, off we went to see Niagara, the roar of the falls being heard at the hotel. At times it can be heard at Toronto. To say that Niagara Falls are a grand sight, is like saying that Shakespeare was a great man. They are unspeakably grand and awe inspiring. The longer one watches them the more wonderful do they seem. I lingered here until a late hour, and viewed the Falls by moonlight. It was a sight I did not soon get tired of. The waters of the Cascade Rapids above the Horseshoe Falls descend 55 feet in three-quarters of a mile, the breadth being 2,600 feet. The volume of water passing over is 1,350 million cubic feet or two million tons per minute. The following day we again started off for the Falls. Every house on the way is a bazaar or museum and had what they term their "solicitor" at the door to attract the notice of visitors. They push trade with a vengeance. "Step in gents, don't charge you anything to look round. Tintotype photo of yourself in five minutes and the Falls given away into the bargain." To get out of the way of others who were equally pushing, we "stepped in" one place, and sure enough our portraits were taken and finished in five minutes, Falls as well. The town of Niagara has a population of 5,000, and is entirely supported by visitors. There are several grand hotels, which have all negro waiters. The furnishing is luxurious. After walking on the Suspension Bridge, viewing the Victoria Park (which covers 154 acres), and taking a last look at the Falls and the Rainbow (always to be seen on a bright day) and watching the "Maid of the Mist" in the Whirlpool below, we returned to the Hotel, and started by the New York Central and Hudson River Railway at 5 p.m. for New York. This is the only four track railway in the world. At Rochester my two companions changed for Philadelphia. At Adams Basin we passed several passenger cars that had been in collision, and further on others that were smashed to atoms and rolled over an embankment, three people being killed. I was not sorry when I alighted at the New York Grand Central Station at seven the following morning. This journey (437 miles) has quite recently been accomplished in 450 minutes, including stoppages. Here an official took my hand luggage, gave me a receipt for it, and forwarded it to the boat. New York is a busy place; there are over two million people here. Although it was only 7 a.m. the trains, busses, and cabs were running in the streets, and people were going up and down the elevated railway. As this was my first visit to New York, I accepted the offer of a gentleman to show me a good hotel, and went with him by the elevated railway to Astor House, Broadway, opposite to the Post Office and close to Brooklyn Bridge. I had had no sleep on the previous night, so I entered my name on the visitors' book, received the key of my room, and accompanied by a negro waiter, I stepped into the lift and up we went to No. 141. There are 490 apartments in the building, each supplied with a fire escape, i.e. a rope fastened inside the bedroom window. At one o'clock (noon) I awoke, and as the Teutonic was to leave at twelve on the following day I determined to see all I could in the short time at my disposal. First I went to the docks and about three miles down by the side of the water I saw my luggage. I now felt that I was nearly home, having been travelling ten days, night and day—a distance of 3,341 miles. Soon after I met an English gentleman—Mr. Dowden, of London, who was going to Liverpool on the following day. I rode with him on a street car to the Central Park, visiting on foot the Museum and Zoological Gardens. Next I went by another car, thence by steamer, to Bedloes Island, on which is erected the great Barthold Statue of Liberty, presented by the French

people. We climbed to the top of this wonderful structure. Some idea may be formed of the size when it is stated that a man can walk comfortably in the arm and sit in one of the fingers. Returning to New York we walked over the celebrated Brooklyn Bridge. This, like everything else in America, is "the grandest in the world." People walk high up in the centre, the railway runs at the side, and outside the railway is the space for vehicular traffic. Next morning I saw the great Vanderbilt's residence, and I read in an American paper, that he was having a poultry house built which was to cost thirty thousand dollars. But I suppose the eggs will be no larger than if laid in an orange box. I also visited the offices of the *New York Tribune*, which are 375 feet high with 22 stories, enough iron in its construction to build 27 miles of railway, and contains 500 doors and 1000 windows. Once whilst riding on the railway I saw Mr. Wilson, solicitor, late of Wisbech, in the street below, but was unable to speak to him. At 11 a.m. I embarked on board the *Teutonic*, which is a magnificent vessel of 12,000 tons, splendidly furnished throughout. The throng which lined the docks cheered and waved handkerchiefs and hands as the great vessel slowly moved away. We had as successful and enjoyable a passage as on the outward voyage, except for the fact that one lady lost her reason and died before we reached England. We passed a wrecked vessel bottom upwards, that was anything but a pleasant sight. On another occasion we saw a whale, and it continued to spout for a long time. One day a gale suddenly sprung up and split the sails into ribbons, which flapped in the wind making a great noise like the sound of musketry; they were quickly hauled down and replaced by new. The Rev. F. Wilson, uncle of Mr. Wilson, solicitor, late of Wisbech, preached on the Sunday. There was also on board a Mr. Gibbs, of Peterborough. On the evening of Tuesday we sighted land, and were soon close to the Irish coast, passing the gaslit town of Kinsale. Rocket signals were let off on board, and were similarly answered from the hills, the news of our whereabouts being flashed across to headquarters. At eleven we were at Queenstown, where a steam tug took off about 300 of our passengers, including a young Irishman and his ten-month old baby, which he was going to take home to his mother in Ireland, the poor fellow having lost his wife when the child was born. It was a pitiful sight to see him walking the decks with the motherless babe. The ladies on board relieved him all they could, taking it in turns to nurse and look after the infant. Here boys brought newspapers and *Answers* on board, which they sold at 6d. each. At 12 we again steamed ahead, and early next morning could see the Welsh mountains. Those who had not been to England before, were amused at the smallness of our fields, and the different coloured crops, one remarking that they looked like so many pocket handkerchiefs put out to dry. They appeared to me smaller than usual. At one o'clock we were in the Mersey, having beaten the record. Steam tugs take us on shore, also the mails; there were hundreds of bags, each as much as a man could carry. Our Yankee passengers were struck at seeing so many boys selling Bryant and May's matches. Several declining the change from 10 cent pieces, remarking they were cheap at that, the little fellows appearing quite delighted. Bidding friends good-bye, and passing the Customs, I caught the train for Wisbech, arriving in the good old town at midnight, ten weeks from the time of leaving, five weeks of which I spent in travelling night and day, having enjoyed a most delightful trip and grand weather from start to finish.



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